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Charge to the Graduates of Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. Delivered March 8th, 1851. By Professor Thomas D. Mutter. With a list of the graduates.

Thomas D. Mutter

George MacCulloch Miller

George Hobart Doane

William Croswell Doane

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TO THE

G R A D U A T E S

OF

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

Delivered March 8th, 1851.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS D. MÜTTER.

WITH A LIST OF THE GRADUATES.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.
1851.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1851.

PROF. THOMAS D. MÜTTER.

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with the wishes and instructions of the Graduating Class of Jefferson Medical College, we would respectfully solicit a copy of your valedictory address for publication.

Hoping that you may be pleased to comply with our request, we are, very truly,

Your obedient servants,

JESSE P. HOPE, *Va., Chairman.*

JAMES G. DICKSON, *Pa., Secretary.*

HENRY R. ROGERS, *Me.*

JOHN EVERETTE HERRICK, *N. H.*

ALBERT D. SMITH, *Vt.*

IRA L. MOORE, *Mass.*

CHARLES C. FOOTE, *Conn.*

DE WITT C. MCINTYRE, *N. Y.*

WINSLOW JACKSON, *N. J.*

SAMUEL G. STATLER, *Pa.*

JOHN A. THOMSON, *Del.*

BEVERLY P. REESE, *Va.*

EDWARD WARREN, *M. D., N. C.*

MAURICE A. MOORE, *S. C.*

FLOURNOY CARTER, *Ga.*

GEORGE W. VAUGHAN, *Ala.*

JOSEPH B. PERKINS, *Miss.*

REUBEN H. CARNAL, *La.*

GEORGE K. DUNCAN, *Tenn.*

ROBERT H. GALE, *Ky.*

RICHARD H. TIPTON, *Ohio.*

L. C. LANE, *Ill.*

GEORGE W. YOUNG, *Mo.*

CHRISTIAN HERSHEY, *Iowa.*

ROBT. S. HAYNES, *M. D., Ark.*

J. HENRY LEWIS, *Texas.*

PELATIAH R. PROCTOR, *Canada West.*

THEODORE WALSER, *Switzerland.*

Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8th, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note soliciting a copy of my valedictory address for publication. In yielding to the request of those whom you represent, allow me to express my thanks for the honor conferred; and I beg that you will convey to them, and accept for yourselves, individually, my warmest wishes for your welfare and happiness.

Very faithfully yours,

THO. D. MÜTTER.

MESSRS. JESSE P. HOPE, *Chairman,*

JAMES G. DICKSON, *Secretary,*

HENRY R. ROGERS,

JOHN EVERETTE HERRICK,

ALBERT D. SMITH, and others,

Committee.

CHARGE.

GRADUATES OF JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

GENTLEMEN:—

IN the name of the Trustees and Faculty of your Alma Mater, I am here, on this most interesting and important occasion, to tender you our warmest congratulations on your successful accomplishment of the "first stage" in your pilgrimage of life, and to bid you "take heart" against the difficulties and dangers with which those of the future must necessarily be beset.

I have said that this is a most important occasion to you all. From this day, you "put on manhood." From this day, you date the entrance of your frail bark of life, freighted with so much of joy and so much of sorrow, upon the stormy sea of the world, and bid adieu to the quiet haven of home, with all its childish and youthful endearments. From this day begins your life of responsibility—your "life in earnest!"

"May the glorious morn
Presage the future eve!"

Dawning in joy and gladness, may the genial rays of the sun of prosperity strengthen you at noon; and when the "lengthening shadows" warn you of its close, may honor and renown, and peace with God and man, rest upon you!

To-day, 228 physicians leave this hall. What an influence must they exert upon the communities in which hereafter they are to move! What fountains of good or of evil may, nay must, they become! Has this fact occurred to you before? Has each one of you asked himself the question, in what manner is my future life to be passed? Am I to live an influential, well-informed, and man-loving physician, blessing and benefiting those by whom I am surrounded; or shall I endeavor, in the vulgar phrase, to "enjoy life," caring nothing for my profession, or estimating it as a trade, make money the basis of all my aspirations, leaving honor and reputation to him who values them? If you have never asked yourselves these questions, the time has come when you must do so. Your first

step must be directed towards either one or the other of these positions. May I not hope that all will select the better path, sterile and thorny though it may prove, and carefully shun the facile and flowery one, that too surely leads to dishonor and despair?

To aid you in this determination, I have thought that the brief period allotted to us for this address could not be more profitably employed than in the consideration of those aids and appliances by means of which success in professional life is most generally obtained; I mean *honorable* success, for the mere acquisition of notoriety, or the accumulation of fortune, may most readily be reached by the possession of qualities directly the reverse of those with which every conscientious and virtuous physician should be imbued. Examples illustrative of the truth of this position are too rife for us to delay a moment in an attempt to sustain it. But to attain the eminence to which each one of you should aspire demands the presence of certain attributes of mind and heart, which, if not possessed, should be eagerly sought after.

I cannot admit the opinion of Helvetius, that every one is born with equal capacity; but I am very sure that nearly every human being possesses natural intellect sufficient, if properly nurtured and trained, to enable him to become at least a useful member of society, if he does not ultimately reach distinction. Starting, then, with this position, it will be my task in the lecture to point out the *mental* and *moral* culture to which each one of you should from this day diligently subject himself. To some, the task will be easy and delightful; to others, a warfare, in which indolence, perverseness, pride, ill-nature, and sensuality will present themselves as foes. But let those who may unfortunately belong to this latter class "strengthen their hearts" with the truth, that all these natural enemies may, by proper strategy and courage, be certainly overthrown.

1st. To secure true eminence, not popularity, not notoriety, not the distinction that friendly or family influence or wealth may for a time confer, the medical man must, as the first and most important requisite, obtain a *thorough medical education*. Whatever may be your natural power of intellect, however happily it may be constituted, rest assured that, without proper culture, it can never secure you the position in the profession at which you should from this day direct your gaze. I need not stop to indicate the various subjects which enter into a thorough system of medical education, most of these having already been pointed out during the courses of lectures just concluded;

but it is my duty to tell you frankly that, although we this day admit you into the portals of our temple, and place in your hands a testimonial which "*inter nos et ubique gentium*," will secure to you all the rights and privileges of the doctorate, your life of true study has just commenced. Be not then too anxious to commence your professional duties. A few months additional investigation of the great principles of our science will enable you to enter upon practice with tenfold advantage to yourself and to your patients. But a mere medical education, however complete, is not sufficient to obtain for you the elevated position you should seek. So wide is its range, not only in the objects of its study, but in the extent and number of sciences that are tributary to it, that it would seem scarcely possible for one to become a proficient in medicine, without, at the same time, acquiring a respectable general education. But unfortunately this is not always true, and often we meet with doctors, so termed, who seem utterly ignorant of all save their peculiar science. Such never attain either the social or professional rank so desirable to all; for, as the public is sure to judge of a man's professional information by the information he displays on other subjects, any manifestation of ignorance is always charged upon him. An error in grammar, a vulgarism in expressing himself, or a display of ignorance upon ordinary topics of conversation, will most effectually blast him for ever in any refined or intellectual society. Study, then, to acquire a *liberal*, apart from your *professional*, education; and while I would not quench a spark of medical enthusiasm, I would yet have you something more than a mere doctor of medicine, a man of one idea.

But I would caution you against attempting *eminence* in any other department of science, if you desire to secure it in your own.

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

A general acquaintance with other sciences is all that a physician can hope to attain—an attempt to excel in all is sure to entail mediocrity in his own.

A recent author has capitally portrayed the mistake so often committed by a medical man, grasping at honors to which he has no legitimate claim. I would not, says he, "have you known as the best fiddler in the village, and yet you may love and understand music. I would not that you should scribble verses, and fancy yourself a second Milton, and yet you may read and appreciate poetry. It were better not to write a novel, although there is no harm in ad-

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miring Scott, or Irving. It is best to leave preaching to the clergymen, and yet you should attend church."

"Meddle not with the law, for fear the law may meddle with you when you least expect it. Above all, shun military titles, for there is nothing more ridiculous than Col. Smith, M. D."

The physician must also be a thinking, observing, and reasoning man. One may be very diligent and industrious, and yet get no farther than this through the whole period of his education. He may become an accomplished person, full of information; a walking cyclopædia; and at the end of his labors may have attained the reputation of a learned and agreeable person. But is this sufficient to satisfy a man of ambition? Far from it! One who thus limits his views can by no possibility become conspicuous in his profession, or ever prove useful to the community in which he moves. "He may be *learned*, but he is not *wise*. He may be a cogent *reasoner*, but he wants *practical common sense*. He may be familiar with every authority under the sun, and yet fail to distinguish one disease from another. He can tell you what Hippocrates and Galen say, but for himself he has no opinion. He forgot, in the outset of his career, that the best part of every man's knowledge is that which he has acquired for himself, by observing closely, pondering deeply, and diligently sifting the wheat from the chaff—a knowledge, which cannot be fully communicated to another, but which to him is a mine of gold."—Let me advise you, therefore, to commence at once observing for yourselves. Don't trust to what you are told in lectures, or read in books, but make the knowledge your own, by your own labors.—Lectures and books will serve as guides and beacons, but the goal can only be reached by travelling the road yourselves.

The physician should have a reverence for his art. "It has become a very common complaint among physicians that medicine is not as much honored as it was in the earlier ages, that it has in some degree lost caste, and that men are not so thoroughly educated as in former times, and do not receive the homage once paid them." To a certain extent this is true, for as the sun of civilization and the light of science have changed the medium through which all objects and arts are viewed, and for the mists of doubt and superstition have substituted the brightness of day, *hero-worship* in all professions has gradually died away. In truth "medicine is no longer held to be the offspring of the gods. Apollo no longer claims the title of '*The great physician*!' No Hippocrates now sits enthroned, prescribing laws for the medical world. No sage of Cos is tendered a bribe

to avert the pestilence from a neighboring realm. No *Idomeneus* sings the praises of a Machaon in language fit only for the gods. No *Æsclepiades* trace back their noble origin to the son of Apollo, the fabulous Esculapius." The era for such things is past; but that medicine maintains its proper rank among the learned professions is fully attested by the position in society maintained by nearly every eminent physician in Europe or this country.

In monarchical countries, where kings and princes hold sway, all professions are held somewhat in disrepute; but notwithstanding this, no men are more respected or more honored than the "wise physicians." Wealth, and rank, and social position are within the reach of all who desire them; and the history of the profession will bear me out in this assertion. But in our own country our position is far more honorable, inasmuch as there are no ranks above us; and I appeal to each one of you, if the chief motive for entering upon the study of medicine has not been the contemplation of the social eminence of your preceptors. In every village in our land, the parson, the lawyer, and the doctor are the "great men of the place," and none stands higher than the doctor. Whose friendship is more highly prized; whose name is so often coupled with expressions of gratitude, and love, and confidence; whose visit is more anxiously expected or more warmly received; whose cheerful smiles and kindly expressions so readily banish gloom and sorrow; whose hand is so eagerly grasped by the devoted wife when she thanks him for the care with which he has watched over her husband, herself, or her children; into whose ear is the tale of private griefs, hidden sorrows, blighted hopes, and dreadful anticipations of the future, so readily poured forth! Be ye sure, gentlemen, that such a position is far happier and far more honorable than that held by the "richest Croesus of them all." It is an object worthy of the utmost desire, and is a reward more "precious than rubies," for the fatigue, anxieties, and sorrows, with which the pursuit of his calling is almost necessarily attended.

Well did the wise son of Sirach declare that "the skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration." "For of the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honor of the King."

The physician should be an honest man. I do not mean by this, that he should be a man that would scorn to steal his neighbor's goods, or consider it a crime not to pay his just debts; such *honesty* is the attribute of most men; but I mean that he should be *honest*

in claiming for his profession no more than is justly its due; that he should be *honest* in faithfully sustaining the code of ethics promulgated by the profession among whom he dwells; that he should be *honest* in all professional intercourse with his brethren; that he should be *honest* in his opposition to all empiricism, in whatever garb it may arise; that he should be *honest* in upholding the dignity of his art; and finally that he should be *honest* at the bedside of his patient. Much injury is inflicted upon the profession by its members claiming *too much* for its power in controlling disease; we have taught the public to look upon medicine with a feeling near akin to superstition and awe; to rely upon our dicta as infallible, to suppose us in some way the positive arbiters of their fate; the dispensers of health and vigor, and even life itself. Thus falsely taught, is it not natural for them to consider the death of a patient under most circumstances the result either of negligence on the part of the physician, or a shameful ignorance of his profession, a profession so rich in resources, so powerful when these are rightly applied? Is it wonderful that quackery should flourish, and the profession be thrown into disrepute, when the promises of its members are so often falsified? Let us hasten to disabuse them of their error. Let us tell them candidly that, although our resources are in reality great, and that often, by their proper administration, dangers are diminished; yet without the help and blessing of Him who gives knowledge to the physician, and health to the sick, these resources are feeble and powerless! Do this, and the doom of quackery is sounded, and the interest of our noble art materially advanced.

How modest, and yet how true, was the reply of good old Ambrose Paré when complimented upon his skill in curing the Duke de Guise of his terrific wound: "I dressed him, but God healed him."

I have said that a physician should honestly abide by the code of ethics advanced by his professional brethren. No one can or will deny the correctness of this position; and yet how constantly are laws by which each one should consider himself religiously bound, broken and trampled under foot. Look well to your code then, and hold it sacred.

Why is it that physicians are so frequently at variance with their brethren of the same neighborhood? I do not mean that we quarrel more than the members of the other learned professions. But why should we quarrel at all? Is it because—

"Quarrels ginger life,
And help to season friends?"

Is it not rather because we are not *honest* and *straightforward* in our intercourse? Some interference, real or imaginary, in our practice, on the part of some brother, is diligently reported to us. Instead of going *at once*, and asking an explanation in a kind and conciliatory manner, we take fire immediately, indulge in harsh remarks, which are duly carried by our officious friend to some friend of the other party, treat the latter coldly, or when we meet, perhaps, *cut* him at once. It is in this way that nine out of ten of the difficulties are brought about. *A kind word in season would have prevented the occurrence.*

Be honest, then, in your dealings with professional brethren, and recollect that he who degrades a colleague, degrades himself and his art. But, above all, *scorn* the mean, assassin-like crime of *secret* detraction. Never be ashamed or afraid to say to a man's face what you have said behind his back. "Non fraude, neque occultis, sed palam et armatum populum Romanum hostes suos ulcisi"—not by fraud, not by secret machinations, but *openly* and *armed*, the Roman people avenges itself on its foes—was the answer of the Senate of Rome to the proposition of the King of the *Catti* to take off Arminius by poison. Well has it been said, that "he who hesitates not by falsehood, either known to be falsehood, or recklessly taken up without care whether it be false or true, to destroy the fair fame of an adversary, wants but little of the guilt of him who would stab an enemy in the dark."

I have said that the physician should be *honest* in upholding the dignity of his profession, and in his opposition to quackery. Many physicians, I fear, lose sight of the *dignity of their science*, and in the struggle for bread, come to consider it as a mere *trade*. To such the practice must be considered the most thankless, uninviting, and painful pursuit of man. They realize to the full the assertion of Johnson, "That it is a melancholy attendance on misery, a mean submission to peevishness, and a continual interruption to rest and pleasure." They are day laborers, and feel as such. Their whole conduct is in keeping with their feeling, and if money is to be made, it must be made, even though the whole profession of medicine is disgraced in its accumulation. Such are ever ready to become *quacks* themselves, or sanction quackery in others. Scarcely a paper comes to us that is not filled with the advertisements of quacks, and, what is worse, backed up and sustained by the certificates of regular physicians. A good rule is to refuse a certificate to every patent medicine or instrument, for I hold that every honorable physician

is bound to make public any discovery calculated to benefit his fellow-man.

Lastly, he should be *honest* at the *bedside*. I would not have a physician magnify his works, even although he may have been the instrument of great good. If a man says to another, *I have saved your life*, it is most natural that the patient should look with reverence and affection towards one who has bestowed so great a boon. But is the physician *honest* in saying this? Hardly; and although he may have been the *agent* in many cases in the accomplishment of the end, yet, in the *vast majority* of diseases, the risk is too trifling for any physician to suppose that he has been of *great* use to his patient.

In cases of great danger, when life is really at stake, unless some cogent reason forbids, it is the duty of the medical attendant to deal *candidly* and *honestly* with the friends of the patient or the patient himself. Each one of us has some preparation to make, some kind word to utter, some fond embrace to exchange, ere he quits this "earthly tabernacle," and passes to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." If the physician fails under these circumstances to discharge his duty, painful and heart-rending though it be, he assumes a responsibility of the most momentous character. The worldly affairs of his patient may, by his negligence, be left in irretrievable confusion; the happiness of a whole community may be destroyed; but, above all, he may become the direct agent by which an immortal soul is lost.

The physician should be a discreet man. One who was wise above all men, long since railed against "tattlers, tale-bearers, and meddlers in other men's matters!" but the evil was not eradicated. It still flourishes. It seems scarcely possible that one possessed of the ordinary attributes of a gentleman could ever forget the sacred character of *confidence*, and allow himself to promulgate and divulge what has been revealed to him under this pledge. But the love of notoriety, the disposition in some cases to make mischief, or mere indiscretion, often causes this barrier to be crushed to the ground, and the most secret concerns of an individual or family entrusted to him by those who confided in his honor and discretion, blazoned forth to the world by the physician. Rely upon it, such a man's career will be marked by constant bickering and heartburnings, and must to a certainty end in disappointment and disgrace. "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

The physician should possess self-respect. In no profession,

probably, does a man more need the possession of this truly honorable attribute. The very nature of his avocation, which places him at the beck and call of every one, tends to diminish his self-respect; and the desire to please all drags him still lower. But it is your duty, from the outset of your career, to shun this spirit, which, if indulged in, leads the physician to become a fawning sycophant. The readiness with which some yield to the whims and caprices of their patients is in the highest degree disgusting. Bear always in mind who you are and what your office is, and determine never to add another to the disgraceful herd. "The well qualified physician should ever regard himself as the superior, in his proper sphere, to every other person, of whatever rank or condition. He must combine suavity of manners with his independence; but he must not yield a rational opinion without reasons perfectly satisfactory to his judgment for so doing." The noble conduct of Sir Mathew Tierney in the case of George the Fourth, or that of Hoffmann, the physician of Frederick the Great, might serve as your model of self-respect. "Sire," said the latter, when grossly abused by the king because he was unable at once to relieve him, "I cannot bear reproaches which I do not deserve; I have tried all the remedies art can supply or nature admit; I am indeed a professor by your bounty, but if my abilities or integrity are doubted, I am willing to leave not only the University, but also the kingdom; and you cannot drive me into any place where the name of Hoffmann will want respect!"

The physician should be a self-relying man. One who, while he treats authority with all due deference, yet has the spirit to feel that he is no man's man—who knows that he can trust himself—who experiences

"The generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life!"

Who realizes with the old poet that—

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still."

Epilogue, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Who feels that, when called to combat with the "King of Terrors"

himself, he is fully armed at all points; who is assured that the shield, which he boldly thrusts forward to screen his suffering patient, is polished, strong, unyielding; so that, however sharp or well directed the dart, it must glance or be broken. Such a man is indeed a treasure to the community in which he lives, and an honor to the noble profession of which he is a member.

The physician must be a determined, persevering man; a man of steady purpose. There is scarcely a quality which so much dignifies human nature as consistency of conduct—and no weakness more deplorable than that of *instability*. We daily witness the truth of the aphorism, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." The wavering, uncertain, aimless man is entitled to no confidence, and for the most part receives none. At the appearance of the first difficulty, he falters; at the first temptation, he flies from his post. Examine, choose, compare, reject, but having once made your selection of a profession, stand by your decision. Difficulties, and privations, and hardships, must be encountered; but *determination* will overcome them all.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and sink at sights of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear."

And not only *sloth* and *folly*, but even *genius* will be outdone by *perseverance*. It often is the case that he who can *endure* the most is in the end the most successful, or, as Hudibras has it,

"'Tis not now, who's stout and bold,
But who bears hunger best, and cold;
And he's approved the most deserving
Who longest can hold out at starving."

He that resolves upon any great end, by that resolution has scaled the great barrier to it. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or contriving means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness, and, like the star in the east to the wise men of old, "guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sum of all perfection." If we are but fixed and resolute, bent upon the accomplishment of our end, we shall find means enough to do it on every side—and at every moment; when, therefore, difficulties present themselves, when friends and fortune fail, when we realize that hope has told us flattering tales, when the enemy oppresses us, and the future is shrouded in "terrible darkness," be not dismayed, but

"Stand like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of pond'rous hammers pains the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

The physician must be an industrious man.

I need scarcely pause to enforce this position. Without habits of industry, the finest talents are, for the most part, lost. But we are forced, if we desire distinction, to industry, by the character of our age—an age of *progress*—of *great discoveries*, of *rapid advancement* in all things. "It is not," remarks an eloquent author, "possibly an age of splendid achievement and remarkable genius. Pericles and Aspasia saw in Greece more great spirits than now tread the habitable globe. It is not an Augustan age of literature; nor do the arts find a munificent patron like Lorenzo de Medici. Nor can we recall the age of Elizabeth, with *Howard* on the sea; *Coke* upon the bench; *Bacon* in philosophy; *Shakspeare* in poetry; *Hooker* in the church, and *Raleigh* everywhere. And yet our age is remarkable. It, beyond all others, reaches forward and reaps the reward of its own progress. Other eras have been fruitful in abstract speculation, elegant literature, and heroic battles. Ours is marked by the rapid spread of thought and the development of the individual man."

And in this progress of light, no profession, no science, no art, has made more rapid and substantial improvement than our own. Upon you, to whom the future interest of this noble profession is intrusted, rests the responsibility of carrying it still nearer perfection. Each day adds something new to the general stock of medical lore, and it is your bounden duty diligently and carefully to investigate the nature and worth of these additions, and endeavor at the same time to contribute your own mite towards the elucidation of difficulties, or the improvement of your art. Up, then, young men; you, to whom a future generation has to look for the decision of the questions which the feeble light of our day prevents us from determining. You, to whom is intrusted the noble work of sustaining the honors and prolonging the glories of a science whose administration is the most dignified of all charities, and whose author confessedly is God. Oh, yes, methinks I can trace in the glowing lineaments,

the bounding pulse, the deep, strong breathing of determination of some among you; the germ of another Hunter, another Cooper, or another Physick. Quench not this spirit, young men. No! cherish it as you would the "priceless gem;" embrace it with your whole heart; by night and by day, wear it in your bosom, and warm it into life, and vigor, and power irresistible.

The physician must be a charitable man. There cannot be a question that our profession as a whole exercises more positive *pecuniary* charity than any other. In verification of this assertion, we need only turn to the various public institutions throughout the land, the vast majority of which pay their medical attendants *nothing*. Again, every practitioner will tell you that he daily gives up a large portion of his time to cases from which he cannot possibly derive the slightest pecuniary reward.

I do not complain of this, although I regret to say we receive but little credit for it from the public at large. But I would not confine the charity of a physician to the mere giving of alms; no, there is a charity far more precious than this, the *charity of the heart*. The kind expression, the sympathizing tear, will often convey more solace, more heartfelt and permanent satisfaction, than if we poured all the gold of Ophir into the lap of our suffering patient. It is this charity which "covereth a multitude of ills," which will secure to him the widow's love, the orphan's prayer, the poor man's blessing, that the physician should chiefly cultivate.

The physician should be an ambitious man. "The love of fame is a powerful and valuable faculty of the soul. It assumes various appearances, and goes under various names. It is called emulation, pride, vanity, vain glory, a love of notoriety, a thirst for distinction, and by several other epithets, depending upon the original strength of the faculty, and the various objects to which it is directed. It is always of itself a noble passion or feeling, though it may be, and often is, indeed, prostituted to ignoble pursuits and habits. Man would be the most pitiable creature without it, and society could not exist for a day. The love of praise is so congenial to our nature, and so powerful a spur to every undertaking, that the moral world would be a chaos without its animating influences." It is like the sun; it gives life and heat to all around. To say to a young man "be not ambitious," is to say to him live the life of a drone. A man without ambition is a mere "clod of the valley," of earth, earthy. If ambition were a sin, is it probable that a wise Creator would have endowed nine-tenths of his people with it? All acknowledge its wide-spread existence.

"This dug thy living grave, Pythagoras, the traveller from Hades;
For this, dived Empedocles into Etna's fiery whirlpool;
For this, conquerors, regicides, and rebels, have dared their perilous crimes;
In all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh lust of fame—
The savage and the sage alike regard their labors proudly;
Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumed by the hope of reputation,
And the stricken warrior is glad that his wounds are salved with glory—

But yet,

There is a blameless love of fame, springing from desire of justice—
When a man hath featly won and fairly claimed his honors:
And then fame cometh as encouragement to the inward consciousness of
merit."

TUPPER.

"It is such that thou shouldst seek!"

But the physician should also be a gentleman. The Dictionary tells us that a gentleman is one raised by *birth, office, fortune, or education*, above the vulgar. But surely such a definition is far from the truth. The veriest *cubs* I have ever met with have boasted of the rich current that circulated in their veins—have tossed their heads, empty and witless, as they passed by a poor, but honest tradesman. To be a *gentleman*, something more is necessary than to have had a *grandfather*.

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?"

Alas, not all the *blood* of all the Howards."

That *office* does not confer gentility, is so obvious that, in politics especially, a gentleman can scarcely be found to accept one. And who has not heard of "Jacks in office?" If *fortune* was the key to the sanctum of the gentleman, how many a *knave*, how many a *swindler*, how many an *ignoramus*, would find admittance—and how many a true gentleman be excluded!

Nor does *education* alone make the gentleman, without being combined with *good-breeding* and good morals. Education, although it may modify and harmonize, never develops that almost indescribable something which characterizes the gentleman.

Some imagine that fine clothes, or, as the poet hath it—

"A braw new hat, a natty coat,
A yellow glove, a shiny boot,"

make the gentleman. But no gentleman was ever made by a tailor; and although that Prince of Dandies, Brummell, declared that

"Starch made the man,"

he never said it made a gentleman. Others suppose that to *do no-*

thing, to idle away one's time, to live in fact a mere *drone*, is the characteristic of the gentleman. If this were so, then Prince Le Boo was right, when he said that a *pig* was the only gentleman he met in England, as he was the only thing he saw that did no work.

Perhaps I cannot better define the character of a gentleman than has been done by a most distinguished writer of our own country—Bishop Doane. "A gentleman," says he, "is but a *gentle* man—no more, no less: a diamond polished that was a diamond in the rough; a gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his tastes; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech; and finally, a gentleman deems every other better than himself." Of such, doctors should be made.

The physician must possess moral courage. What profession, what art, what calling demands a courage so unyielding, so self-sacrificing as that of medicine. He must be a brave man who can meet, without flinching, "the pestilence that walketh at noonday." He must be a brave man who can, unmoved, take his place by the bedside of a patient suffering from a contagious disease. He must be a brave man, who, like *Guyon*, could leave a blooming bride, friends, fortune, and fame, and rush to certain death, in the cause of humanity and science. He must be a brave man who can remain at his post, when the "*plague-spot*" breaks every link of affection, turns father from child, and child from father, and causes even cowardice and ingratitude to pass unnoticed.

Oh, tell me not of the warrior's courage, brilliant though it be, who, to save his country, rushes into battle! He advances with hope, and is sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army. But what sustains the physician, in the stillness of night, in the chamber of pestilence, in the reeking hut of the sick beggar—in the cell of the maniac? A *moral courage*, which bids him die rather than desert his charge—a God, who tells him that "a faithful shepherd must give his life for his flock!"

The physician must not only possess moral courage, but he should also be a man of strict integrity and virtue.

It is with much gratification I can assert that no profession, not even that of our holy religion, boasts a higher code of morality than ours. The marvel is, that *any* one who pursues it with honesty of

purpose, should ever evince a disposition to stray from the path of rectitude; and we find that the statistics of crime, both at home and abroad, prove conclusively that glaring or vicious derelictions among medical men are exceedingly rare. From a statistical document, recently published in the *Moniteur*, a French paper, it would appear that, of *all* the liberal professions, medical men furnish the smallest number of criminals; the number is indeed so small that it has been found impossible to fix a fractional ratio, as with other classes. Since the year 1829, only *two* physicians have been tried, *in all France*, for criminal offences. In the ten years, from 1829 to 1839, there were tried, in the various criminal courts of France, 41,679 male prisoners, above the age of twenty-five years; among these, there were thirty-five priests, thirty-three lawyers, seventy-five notaries, sixty-six tip-staffs, *but not a single medical man*. If in *France there exists so much virtue among the doctors, what must be the amount in these United States!* Seriously speaking, with the exception of theology probably, no pursuit so speedily and so thoroughly purifies and elevates the character of its votaries. The nobleness of the physician's art, as Lord Bacon hath it, is well shadowed by the poets, in that they made *Æsculapius* to be "the son of the sun," the one being the fountain of life, the other *as the second stream*; "but infinitely more honored," he continues, "by our Saviour, who made the *body* of man the object of his miracles, as the *soul* was the object of his doctrines!"

How edifying, and how eminently calculated to direct the thoughts of the medical man into the noblest channel, are the daily instances with which he meets, of exalted and touching fortitude, of sublime patience, of heavenly faith—"Who that has kept vigils at the couch of genius, and marked the wayward flickering of its sacred fire, made yet more ethereal by disease, or seen beauty grow almost supernatural in the embrace of pain, and has not felt his mission to be *holy* as well as responsible? And when a voice that has thrilled millions is hushed, or a mind upon which rest the cares of a nation is prostrated, who has not realized how intimately the healing art is knit into the vast and complex web of human society and human griefs? Oh, can there be a more worthy vocation than that which summons us to minister, as apostles of science, to the greatest exigencies of life? to cheer the soul under the acute sufferings of maternity, and alleviate the decay of nature? to watch over the glimmering *dawn* and the fading *torchlight* of existence? to stand beside the mother, whose sobs are hushed that the departure of her

first-born may be undisturbed? and be oracles at the bedside of the revered minister of holy truth, the halo of whose piety softens, on his brow, the lines of mortal agony? What a mastery of self, what requisites, mental and corporeal, are demanded in him who is the observer of scenes like these, whose sympathies are awakened to services such as are befitting the mighty crisis, and whose talents are efficiently enlisted for the triumphant accomplishment of his devout trust!"

Yes, yours is truly a *moral*, yea, a *religious* profession. Receive its teachings, embrace them with all the ardor of your age, and be assured that when, with tottering step and sinking frame, you grope through the "valley of the shadow of death," His *rod* and His *staff* shall support you; and at the last, when the frail barrier which separates our fleeting world from that whose duration is eternity is passed, you will be greeted with the cheering welcome,

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; I was sick, and ye comforted me."

Lastly, a *physician* should be a *patriot*. I do not mean by this a patriot of the "mob's decree," but a good old-fashioned patriot. A man of honest heart, of pure intentions, of firm and high resolves, of ardent love for his country, because it is his country—a man who, if occasion demands, will not hesitate to shed his last drop of blood in her defence—a man who scorns the petty tricks of the politician, and bids the brawling demagogue stand afar off—a man who takes *Washington* for his oracle, and *Clay*, and *Webster*, and *Cass* for his associates in principle.

I would have every physician such a man, and especially at this the most fearful period in our political history. While I caution you to shun that "great maelstrom" politics, "which swallows up time and character, morals, reputation, and money, and which makes no return whatever but disappointment and vexation of spirit"—while I entreat you never to be known as a zealous *whig*, or an unflinching *democrat*, I would yet have each one of you exert the privilege of an *American citizen*, and by your influence bind still more closely the bonds which should unite us in all that to brothers belong.

Oh, how strange a spectacle has this our "thrice blessed" country exhibited for the past few months! The brother's love supplanted by the fratricide's hate; the pride of greatness smothered beneath the folds of the serpent of discord; the holy spirit of Union nearly put to flight by the demon of anarchy and civil strife! And all for what?

Simply because our people, forgetting their duty to the "Constitution and laws," have ceased to be true patriots! Will any one believe for an instant that the frantic exhibitions of the fanatics of all quarters could have ever so "disturbed our peace," as they have done, had each one of us been honest in purpose, and a true lover of country rather than self? Will any one believe that the "magnificent fabric of Union" could for a moment have been placed in jeopardy, had we loved it with the true love of the patriot? But how fearful a responsibility do those assume who dare breathe the word *Disunion*. *Disunion!*—it makes our blood run cold to hear it even named, and yet men talk about it, predict it, defend it. Oh, shade of Washington! has it come to this? Can it be that this thy noblest monument must be riven to its base, shattered, and cast down? Oh, no, no! I cannot realize that those who call thee "Father" can ever commit such madness. I cannot believe that this "citadel of freedom," based upon a foundation so enduring as thy fame, and cemented with the rich blood of so noble an army of martyrs, can ever be overthrown, even though there may be some so unrighteous and unwise as to desire the catastrophe.

Oh, could these *Catilines* but realize the glory that even now hangs over our land, or, looking into futurity, picture to themselves the wondrous and gorgeous destiny that naturally awaits the "refuge of the oppressed," possibly their impious hands might be stayed, and the infamy of the traitor transferred to ages yet in the womb of time. Go home, then, gentlemen, determined to do all in your power to avert so fearful a crime as disunion. Go home, determined to cultivate a spirit of conciliation towards all portions of our land. Go home, determined to be patriots. The majesty of the law bids you do this; humanity bids you do this; religious liberty bids you do this; posterity bids you do this; the voices of the illustrious dead of every quarter of our land bid you do this. Go home, and let the noble language of the illustrious Webster sink deep into your hearts:—

"For myself, I confess that, if I were to witness the breaking up of the Union, and the Constitution of the United States, I should bow myself to the earth in confusion of face—I should wish to hide myself from the observance of mankind, unless I could stand up and declare truly, before God and man, that, by the utmost exertion of every faculty with which my Creator has endowed me, I had labored to avert the catastrophe!"

But I must hasten to discharge the most painful portion of my duty; I am to bid you farewell; I know that the theme is trite, and that any exhibition of feeling, on such an occasion as this, on the part of the teacher, is looked upon by many as the flimsy covering of sheer hypocrisy. But I envy not the man whose sensibilities are so obtuse as to allow him to approach the conclusions of his labors without the production of a throb of regret. How could it be possible, gentlemen, for me to meet many of you this morning, possibly for the last time in this world, without a feeling of sadness, a single emotion of sorrow!

You have toiled with me, for months, in the broad and teeming field of science; you have daily received me with a smile of welcome; and now that our parting is at hand, you are ready, I am sure you are ready, to extend to me the "right hand" of abiding friendship. I should be more than man, or worse than brute, could I bid you, unmoved, farewell. And, although you have completed your collegiate studies, and have received the testimonial of our satisfaction, you are not to look on the transaction as one that shall diminish the bond of affectionate regard which has knit us so long in one. We shall still regard you, and shall ever claim you, as our sons; wherever you may go, we shall go with you with our love; we shall rejoice to hear that you are happy; we shall mingle our tears with yours, when sorrow shall befall you. You have entwined the best affections of your hearts with ours; and no time, no place, no circumstance, must ever be allowed to sever so holy a union. Go where you will, then, you must bear us with yourselves. Everywhere will you be regarded as the sons of an "Alma Mater" proud to acknowledge so noble a posterity; and into your faithful hands I cheerfully commit her honor, and repose her interests.

The Exodus from College, the Genesis of Life:

THE SALUTATORY ORATION;

BY

GEORGE MACCULLOCH MILLER,

OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

SALUTATORY ORATION.

A single cable stays the ship. A prosperous breeze is playing, through her sails. The sailor's cheering cry is heard, rousing the reluctant anchor, from its bed. The last boat, for the vessel, waits, at the dock; and the captain grows impatient of delay. But, still, the traveller lingers; loath to exchange the land of his birth, for the ocean's treacherous and untried paths. Fain would he now turn back; but, it is all too late. He knows, that farewell must be said; yet shrinks from speaking it. He hesitates, while with a faltering voice, he gives his thanks for the kind wishes, which the presence of the friends, who have come to speed him on, attests. He would tell them, that, the memory of their sympathy, will buoy up a heart, sinking under the anticipation, of its solitary and erratic course. His soul, already home-sick, is invigorated and cheered, by the trust, that theirs will follow him, in all his wanderings. The path seems no longer lonely; for it is associated with their benedictions: and, but for the pangs of the parting hour, he could go on his way, rejoicing.

Such is a picture of the group, which this hall now presents. To-day, we three commence one journey; and, for the kindly interest in our welfare, which your presence testifies, we feel a common gratitude. Borne, on our voyage of life, till now, upon the placid bosom of a river; to-day, we pass from its protecting banks, into an open sea: where, as God will, we shall float onward, in sunny calm; or be trouble-tossed, till we reach that harbor, where all shall be at rest. To-day, we leave, for the unsympathising world, this home; where hearts have ever dwelt, to feel with us, spirits to bear with us, and hands to co-operate with us, in every trial, in every error, and in every task. To this day, we have looked forward; peradventure, have longed for its coming: but, now, when the knell of our Collegiate life tolls, for departure, we would gladly postpone its advent. As the infant is torn, amidst sobs and tears, from the maternal breast,

from which it has derived its nourishment, and where it has nestled for protection; a natural instinct makes us linger, in the last embrace, and press ourselves yet closer to the bosom of our Alma Mater.

But, the departing traveller, not satisfied with waving a general adieu to his friends, must grasp them by the hand; he must breathe, to each, some word of affection and remembrance. So, let not this address evaporate, in an expression of mere general sentiment; but let me individualize these feelings.

To you, Parents, Patrons, and Protectors, of this infant Institution, we present ourselves, as the first born of a long line; which, if our aspiration shall be heard, will prove celebrated, for its statesmen, illustrious in sages, and renowned for its saints: patterns, for the emulation of the millions of young men who are to carry civilization, science and religion, from the shores of the Atlantic, to that distant ocean, which separates the Hindoo from the American. The bough, which is before you, bears the first-fruits of that tree, which your generous confidence, your enlightened liberality, and your continued efforts, have planted, reared and tended. True, it bears but three. But other limbs, in bud and blossom, give promise that each succeeding year shall bend them down, with well matured and luscious fruit. Fervently, do I hope, that every family, connection and name, among you all, will be enabled, at some future day, to pluck, from this same tree, fruit of its own stock, to fill your swelling hearts with joy and exultation.

Much respected and beloved Rector, Professors and Teachers, under whose guidance and control, we have so long wandered in the paths around Parnassus; to you, words fail to express our thanks. For three years, with tender care, you have smoothed the mountain's steep; and, by gentle and alluring ways, won us, towards its summit; sustaining our energies, and lessening our fatigue. Hand in hand, we have journeyed on, till that point has been attained, where you turn back, to yield a similar aid to our younger brethren. We pause, on our course, to gaze, once more, on your retreating forms; as the traveller, girt for a dreary pilgrimage, halts, on the last eminence, from which he may descry the roof, which sheltered his infancy, and the fields, over which his boyish gambols strolled.

Whether you have accompanied us, in the attractive walks of classic learning, or guided our calculation of eclipses, which posterity shall see; whether you have taught us to pursue Nature to her ultimate atoms, or have ranged with us the flowery meads of poetry; whether you have restrained our erring steps, or taught us where to seek the only magnet, that can guide us safely on our line of duty: your example has lent force to your teaching; and your assiduous care has made your words more impressive, your talents more useful, and your influence more extended. And, if, in years of future trial, your pupils evince a faithful industry, an untiring perseverance, and prove by deeds and words, that they have learned with accuracy, can think logically, and express their thoughts with energy and elegance, yours has been the labor, and yours shall be the praise.

With swelling heart, I turn to you, my Bishop, Guardian, Instructor, Monitor, Friend and Father. Words, choked, in utterance, by emotion, fail to express the affection and reverence due to the parent, and the animating soul, of this Institution. This beautiful microcosm, formed, impelled and regulated by your hand, is destined to create patriots for our country, dignitaries for our Church, jurists for the forum, skilful soothers for our sick beds, and amiable associates for our domestic circles. The father of my two companions, accept, from me, the filial tribute of an adopted son—a son, in its most endearing acceptation—a son of your mind and heart. If our feeble voices shall ever instruct or move, if they shall ever breathe the conclusions of profound thought, or pour forth the stream of living eloquence, let them be traced, as to their fountain-head, to that kind endearment, that clear perception, that universal accomplishment, which led and illumined our path of learning. From the mathematics, you have shown us how the phalanx of ideas may be drawn up in compact, firm and impregnable order; from the classics, how the array may be invested in gorgeous, yet appropriate, decoration; and, from the modern languages, how it may be diversified by fitting metaphors, fanciful imageries, and a varied and harmonious idiom. The gifts, you have thus bestowed, however we may employ them, whether in prose or verse, at the bar or in the pulpit, will always recal to us the memory of their loved and revered donor. But, while you trained the intellect, you led the spirit into a higher atmosphere;

and your paternal care endeavored to form the soul, for that sublimer existence, in which all earthly attributes are merged in a celestial element.

The young bud, developing, expanding, and advancing, through the several stages of its existence, ere it can shoot into life, must push from their common stem, the old leaf which holds that position, which the youthful aspirant seeks to assume. And the prior occupant yields its seat, without struggle or complaint, to the younger and more vigorous usurper.

So, Fellow Students, with us. Each new class, as it advances in knowledge and rank, finally pushes its predecessors, from their snug desks, and well worn seats. Each new gown that makes its appearance, in these halls, proclaims the consignment, to the rag bag, of a worn and faded elder brother. Your investiture, with the academic toga, is our dismissal to the common civic costume. The birth of a Junior tolls the demise of a Senior. But, like the leaf, we readily give place; and, as we pass from the scenes, upon which you are just entering, we would salute you, in the kindest accents of affection. We sincerely wish, that you may far surpass ourselves, in diligence, obedience, and in all the virtues, which grace young men. We would remind you, that fidelity to superiors and instructors, is fidelity to yourselves: that they toil but for your interest, and your advancement. Telling you, that the Exodus from College is the Genesis of Life, we would exhort you to submission to all discipline. The trials and sufferings of the Israelites, in Egypt, prepared them for the perils of the rending sea; inured them to the privations of forty years' pilgrimage, in the wilderness; and enabled them to contend victoriously with the numerous and powerful enemies, who opposed their entrance into the land of promise. And, so, will the habits of industry, perseverance, prudence, morality and religion, which you here acquire, as boys, give impulse and direction to your course, as men; and carry you, onward, through the dangers, privations and obstacles of the journey, on which we start, to-day, and on which you are soon to follow us. The qualities obtained by the boy will not only confer happiness and prosperity upon his temporal existence, as a man; but will prepare for him a happy abode, in the blessed, promised land. As "the mother moulds the boy," and "the child is father to the

man," so the impressions and influences, received from our Alma Mater, cling to us, and actuate our motions, in after life.

*"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu."*

With these thoughts, deeply impressed upon our hearts, we feel that the Exodus from College is, indeed, the Genesis of Life.

But, Man must not engross our whole attention. Shall we not salute this roof, so oft our shelter, from the peltings of the pitiless storm? Shall the sound of our departing footsteps echo no benediction, through these halls; which they so oft have trod, in youthful glee? In the depth of our hearts, there yet remains, from the flood of memories and associations, which has gushed forth, one burst of sympathy and gratitude. It bubbles upward, and must find its vent.

All hail, ye chambers of this venerated edifice! All hail, dear bee-hive, whence we have sallied, to gather honey from every flower in the domain of Literature, from every fruit in the gardens of Science! All hail, ye dormitories, whose recesses, re-echoing nocturnal serenades to Nox and Somnus, have made stair and passage to resound the nasal strain! All hail to you, blessed Hall, where the odoriferous emanations of coffee, decocted for the main meal; the fragrant roast-beef, steaming upward from subterraneous fires, for noon-tide restoration; or a salutatory from the gentle tea-pot, gushing, to unite, with its congenial milk and sugar, have so often greeted our expanding nostrils. Solids, fluids, vapors, all, farewell! Ye scenes of study and repose, of frolic and of feast, we salute you, with a long drawn sigh. Upon whatever shore, we may be cast, for whatever fate, we may be reserved; to you, we shall ever look back, with a fond, filial and tender recollection. Your associations will ever be to us a consolation and support, amid the buffeting of life.

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

But the hand of Time points, 'Onward;' and his stern voice cries, 'Away!' Onward and Away! Sign and countersign of life: they are our watchwords, to-day. Types of the restlessness of earth, they are emblems of the change we make to-day. Inscribed on every stage of life, they are fit mottos for the ceremonial of to-day.

Onward, to the crush and combat of the world! Onward, to struggle in its toils, to taste its pleasures! Onward, to share its

joys, to feel its pains! Onward, to the battle of life; its defeat or triumph! Onward, with bold hearts, and firm fronts! Onward, with bright spirits, and souls elate with hope! But, the animating shout, which bids us onward, is intermingled with a voice, which, in solemn and affecting accents, whispers, 'Away!' Away, from old familiar places! Away, from friends much loved, long known and trouble-proved! Away, from boyhood's haunts; from quiet nooks, and classic shades! Away, from spots, consecrated by poetic musings and twilight fancies! Away, with sinking hearts and swimming eyes! Away, with clouded spirits, and souls fainting and doubting! Onward and Away: forces, centrifugal and centripetal, under whose joint impulse we are hurled forth into the dark chaos of futurity; not to wander in a devious path, but to revolve in an orbit, of which this Hall, and these friends, will be the attracting, regulating, centre. Your kind wishes, your favorable approval, will ever exert an influence, to restrain from evil, to impel to virtue, and to rouse to exertion.

Though every sound of earth may echo to us, 'passing away,' though the struggle of life bear us onward and still onward, till the sight fail to reach back, through the vista we have passed; yet memory will often depict to us the loved asylum of our youth, the verdant landscape, the majestic yet gentle river, the peaceful shady bank, our loved instructors, their venerated chief. Such is the harbor of refuge, into which imagination will transport us; lost in the tempest of affairs, perchance wrecked by the storm, perhaps floating smoothly before the bland zephyrs of prosperity. And, whether in joy or sorrow, whether in danger and doubt, or in happiness and exultation, this present scene will ever continue dominant in our breasts, and ever recurring to our hearts.

Dare we think that you, too, will sometimes waste a pensive moment, in recalling us, the forlorn hope and advanced pioneers of this noble institution; namesake of this ancient city, and foster-child of its beloved inhabitants.

With these feelings, yearning in our hearts, we tear ourselves hence, and wave an affectionate farewell; till time and distance bear us, beyond sight.

THE ENGLISH ORATION.

Sir Philip Sidney:

THE ENGLISH ORATION;

BY

GEORGE HOBART DOANE,

OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

THE ENGLISH ORATION.

If there be any one subject peculiarly suited to young men, about to start upon the voyage of life, and to take into their own hands the helm, which parent, friend or teacher, has hitherto directed, it must be the lives of men. The illustrious Sydenham, by the reverent Boerhaave, styled "the light of England," said in the preface of his work entitled, "Methodus Curandi Febres," "I do not much value public applause, and indeed if the matter be rightly weighed, the providing for esteem (I being now an old man) will be in a short time to provide for that which is not: for what advantage will it be to me, after I am dead, that eight alphabetical elements, reduced into that order that will compose my name, shall be pronounced, by those who come after me." It is for us to say, that if the pronouncing of his name be of no advantage to himself, it is, to us, who have come after him, as recalling to our minds his eminent virtues, and inducing us to imitate them.

From a roll of worthies, unmatched in Christendom, Sir Philip Sidney has been selected. A verse of an English ode, recited first, within these walls, re-echoes in my ears, and encourages me in my theme—

"Well, well, and every praise of old,
That makes us famous still:
You would be just, and may be bold,
To share it if you will:
Since England's glory first began,
Till just the other day,
The half is yours—"

It becomes us, first, to look at the characters of the age, in which Sidney lived. This is due, at all times; even when it can be said of our subject, as Wordsworth said of Milton, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." How much more is it called for, when the age in which he lived, of whom we speak, was that, by which succeeding ages have been most deeply imbued. Teeming with gigantic

minds, as it did, it is right that we should pause a moment, in the contemplation of its marks, and of its men. When, on an instant, a constellation of suns, such as never can be excelled, rose, in a sky, black with ignorance and superstition, we are right, in the assurance, that there must have been some cause; and we have lost that spirit of investigation, which was one of the products of those times, if we do not apply our minds to its discovery. The result of excess had been long operating on the Church of Rome. The light, which she had so studiously endeavored to keep, from her members, at last burst in upon them, to show them the bondage, in which she had enthralled them. The country, which St. Paul had converted, returned to the faith, which had then been planted in her; and rejected all additions, of mere human invention. The Bible was translated; and its life-giving truths, which for years had been perverted, or buried, became manifest, to the minds, and hearts of men. We see the result of this, everywhere. The beautiful lessons, which it conveys, are taught, once more, to admiring multitudes. The matchless characters, which it portrays, become once more the exemplars of the Christian life. In speaking of our blessed Saviour, Decker, a dramatic writer, of the period, says, with "a boldness, equal to his piety,"

"The best of men,
That e'er wore earth about Him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman, that ever breathed."

The inculcation of such precepts of love, and charity, the brightness of the faith, and the certainty of the hope, which were entertained, made a marked impression on the age. The minds of men were at work. They seemed to be striving, to make up the time, which had been lost; and to have attained their aim. About this time, the New World was discovered. Actual reality, in this instance, went far beyond all the imaginings of fancy. Truth, certainly, was stranger than fiction. Then, was born that power, which, since, has so changed the course of human events. What tongue can give utterance to the benefits, and what pen can sum up the results, which can be traced to the discovery, which, then, sprang from the humble labors of Faust and Guttenberg. It has been rightly said, by Hamlett, that, of the time which we are considering, "every

breath it blew, every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on our national stock." From an account of a voyage to the Straits of Magellan, then published, Shakspeare took the hint of Prospero's enchanted isle, and of the savage Caliban, with his God, Setebos. Lear is founded on an old ballad; Othello, on an Italian novel; Hamlet, on a Danish; and Macbeth, on a Scotch legend. Spenser, too, was influenced by the wonderful discoveries of the age, in his "*Faery Queen*." The machinery of existence was not so skilfully adjusted, as it is now. Hairbreadth escapes, and romantic adventures, were of daily occurrence. The news of their own place were quite enough for the inhabitants; and the sights they saw at home quite satisfied their eyes. Travelling was attended with danger; and the receipts of news were "few, and far between." Again, "the age of chivalry was not then quite gone, nor the glory of Europe extinguished forever." Into the estimate of a man's worth, his bravery and gallantry entered largely. The smile, with which "the Queen of Beauty" rewarded the successful tilter, was return enough, for all the danger he had incurred; all the fatigue he had endured. There was that judicious admixture of learning, and of gallantry; of deeds of daring, and of power of intellect, which makes us, sometimes almost wish, that the disturbing forces, which have since come in, had not so changed the 'Spirit of the Age;' and that the days of Bayard, and of Sidney could be again lived over. Alas! the lament of a living poet is too well founded—

"The tales of old, that nerved the bold,
To deeds of love and duty;
That woke the sigh, or dimmed the eye
Of innocence and beauty!
Who heed them now? The chilling brow
And colder heart reprove them;
Forgot the lays of ancient days,
As those who once could love them.
Around the hearth, with honest mirth,
Our fathers gathered daily:
'Twas good to see how merrily
The moments passed, and gaily!

The jester, there, inspired by cheer,
Would tell his quaintest story;
While minstrels came, and sung the fame
Of those enshrined in glory.

Those tales of old were often told,
By pilgrim, monk, or friar,
Who sung of war, in regions far,
Where valour might aspire!
Of gallant deed, where, once atchieved,
A host could not repel them;
For themes like these our sires would please,
And they alone could tell them."

Penshurst, in Kent, claims the honor of Sir Philip Sidney's birth. He was descended from the noble house of Northumberland. At Oxford, whither he was early sent, he imbibed those principles of Ecclesiastical knowledge, which armed him for conquest, in the many crafty discussions, by which Romish priests essayed to win his allegiance from his Holy Mother. And, more than that, it was there that he was imbued with that spirit of obedience to her counsels, and reverence to her decisions, which render him a most excellent pattern for Churchmen of our day. We see a sad instance of the difference between men in this vital respect, who, in other ways, are wonderfully alike. In many points of view, it would seem that Byron might have been another Sidney. But, who, with all his greater genius, would prefer the former to the latter. The golden thread of religious feeling, which ran through, and illumined Sidney's life, in Byron's, was the galling chain of impious self-will. The one lived to glorify the gifts of God. The other, to prostitute, the talents, that were committed to his charge, to the advancement of the kingdom of Satan. The most remarkable of Sidney's writings was his "Defence of Poesy." Himself, no mean poet, he succeeded better in delineating, than in embodying, its beauties. Taking his own rule for his guide, "LOOKE IN THY HEART, AND WRITE," his book is the most beautiful tribute to the power of

"Immortal verse divine,"

that human genius could produce. Critics are censorious as to his poetic powers. While we admit, that they were not of the first order,

we cannot but ask, what would have become of the fame of Milton, or Dryden, or Cowper, had they died, as he did, in the thirty-second year of their age. As an example of the remarkable force and vigour of his style, we have selected the following passage from his "Defence of Poesy."

"But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that, being abused, by the lesson of its sweet charming voice it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused doth most harm, being rightly used, (and upon the right use each thing receives its title) doth most good. Do we not see skill in physic, the best rampire to our assaulted bodies, being abused, each poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even, and right, all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused, breed heresy; and His name abused, become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt; and, as truly, (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy prince and country. So that, as, in their calling poets, the fathers of lies, they said nothing; so, in this their argument of the abuse of poesy, they prove the commendation."

The same fantastic beauty is observable in his sonnets. In fact, his faults in writing are just those which age might have remedied. He needed judgment, to direct and control his splendid mind. Despicable, indeed, must be the criticism, which, losing sight of this, treats of him as one gone down to the grave, at the close of a life of the ordinary term of years. As well find fault, in early spring, with the fruit, whose juices partake of the crudeness of youth; but which gives brilliant promise of excellence, when its maturity shall have been attained. A distinguished writer said of him, "We remember him as one who communicated to the Court of Elizabeth that tincture of romance, which gives it to our view, when seen through the dusky distances of antiquity, a mellow and chastened richness; not unlike the variegated and brilliant colouring with which the rays of the de-

parting sun are imbued by the painted windows through which they penetrate, as they

"Illume with mellow light, the brown brow'd aisle."

He was, indeed, the idol of the age, in which he lived. Not England, only, but Europe rang with his praises. Her learned, he astonished, with his erudition. Her courts, he fascinated, with his address. Her ladies, he captivated, with his grace. Even the pathway to her thrones was open to him. He was indeed one of those blessings which Providence sometimes bestows, to do good to men while among them; and, after death, to serve as a pattern by which to mould the hearts and ways of posterity. But death came, to show that he was mortal. Wounded, at *Zutphen*, he died at *Arnheim*, on the 15th of October, 1586. The destroying Angel could not, with all his terrors, make him forget the charity of which his life had been the constant practice; the charity, which, like the sandal wood, "perfumes the axe, that takes away its life." On that bloody field, he lay, tormented with insatiate thirst. Cold spring water was brought to him, to moisten his burning lips. But, seeing a common soldier looking wistfully at it, he resigned it, in his favour; saying—"this man's necessity is greater than mine."

The fitness of the theme, for the time, and for the place, must be my excuse, for having undertaken it. It is the first *Commencement* of a Christian College; whose aim is, in the words of him who should know best, to bring up *men*, to bring up *gentlemen*, to bring up *scholars*, to bring up *patriots*, to bring up *Christians*. What more illustrious example of a man, of a gentleman, of a scholar, of a patriot, of a Christian, can the long roll of history afford, than that of Sir Philip Sidney? What man, can any land, can any age, pretend to set up, as his superior? Let us then strive to imitate his virtues. Let us show, in ourselves, that he has not lived in vain; but to the glory of God, and the good of men. Let us be true, as he was, to our country, and to our God; and, though we may not be to our king, at least, to all in civil and ecclesiastical authority over us.

And now, but one sad office remains to be fulfilled. The word, "farewell," must, for the first time, be heard within these walls. It is with hearts full of love and gratitude, that we utter it. Of love to

the ties which have bound us so long and so harmoniously together; of love, to the memory of days, now gone; of love, to the places, which have so often rung with our voices, and resounded with our footsteps; and whence, since the very first, our united voice of prayer and praise has risen, to the Almighty Giver of all good things. These dear haunts are, now, no more, for us.

Of gratitude to you, dear Father, and your Assistants, in the noble work of Christian Education; for the manner in which our waywardness has been borne with; our pleasures enhanced, by your participation; our griefs consoled, by your kind sympathies; our interests advanced, in every possible way. You have pointed out to us the path of duty; and the aid of your prayers, and of your support, has ever been ready to strengthen, and confirm us in its ways. For these, and a thousand other kindnesses, we can never repay you. Among the foremost of our obligations, those due to you will be remembered; and our faithful prayers shall never cease to rise, that prosperity may ever crown your labours, and success, your undertaking.

To you, dear brothers, with whom our hands have so long been linked, our farewells must be spoken. The first sons of our Alma Mater, we commit to you, and your successors, her name and reputation; with the hope that every year may see it carried farther than the former. Your memory will ever be fresh in our hearts; and the recollections of the many happy hours we have spent here together, will, at every thought, recall you to our minds. In severing all these ties and associations, we can do nothing more soothing to our feelings, or more in consonance with our wishes for your welfare, than, in all humility, to commend you to the care and protection of ALMIGHTY GOD.

THE LAST.

The traveller, over the hot Egyptian desert, sees, looming up, over the horizon, those mighty monuments of man's mortality, the pyramids of Ghizeh; like tombstones, standing in that ancient burying-ground of time. Their bases, resting on the ground, declare the sleeping place of those who built them. Their towering tops point silently to the abode of their spirits. Alas, for man's impotency, and ignorance, "they have forgot the story, they were built to tell." They do but tell the tale of tombstones, "All must die!" Who ever saw these silent monsters of antiquity, breaking the vacancy of barrenness, that stretched about him, without being carried back to Egypt's golden days? Who does not look upon them as the memorial of that great nation?

Silent and solitary, Pompey's pillar towers, to the sky. But, the last trace of that, for which it was erected, has well-nigh passed away, beneath the touch of time's effacing hand. The sun rises and sets upon the broken and defaced statue of the once vocal Memnon; but it has uttered its last eloquence of song. The portico of Esneh's temple still remains, but the last worshipper has knelt within its courts. And, in gazing upon these sad memorials of his Father's glory, how many a son of Egypt has said, with choking sobs, "This is the last!"

The last of the Pharaohs has sat upon the throne of his fathers. The "King's Chamber," in the "Great Pyramid," is emptied of the dust of the last monarch, whose remains rested there. And, solemn and still, stand these silent sepulchres, in which are buried the names, as well as the bodies, of their builders; the last memorial of a mighty people, now almost "wiped out of the book of the living."

The wanderer to the eternal seven-hilled Rome, "the Niobe of nations," must

plod his way

"O'er steps of broken thrones and temples;" and trace the yellow Tiber's swollen course, through a vast "marble wilderness." And, there, upon the ruined temples of the Gods, and

on the crumbling arches of the aqueducts, and in the grey moss, and waving ivy, on the parting stones of the triumphal pillars, stands, enrolled in characters, that cannot be misread, "I am the last!" The last trace of a false and forgotten religion. The last memorial of skill and patience, unsurpassed. The last monument to bravery, which sleeps in the dust; whither they are fast crumbling. They are "the last."

The streets of Rome may yet be traced; but the triumphal tread of her warriors has shaken them, for the last time. Her Senate-House is not yet all fallen; but the voice of her Tully has rung its last thunder, through its roof. The walls of her temples are yet standing; but the last drop of Sacrificial blood has stained them.

The triumph of Time, alone, is seen in her streets; of triumphal processions, it is the last! The silent grandeur of its desolation is the only eloquence that speaks from the Curia. Of its orators, it is itself the last! Their offering of themselves to decay, is the sole sacrifice within her temples. Of their sacrifices, they are themselves the last!

Look we for further proof? Turn, then, to Greece,

"Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"

Dodona's speaking oak, has uttered now, its last response. Elis still exists, but the last conqueror of the Olympic games, has won the immortal laurel, or been hymned in Pindar's deathless verse. And, the minstrel, in the contest at Nemea, ages ago, tuned his harp to his last song. The oak is faded and silent forever; blasted by the bolt of time. And the victor, with his laurel, and the minstrel with his lyre, have long been sleeping the last long sleep of death.

But, must we go to empires, to find a use, for those sad words, "The Last?" Do we not mourn, with them, over individual men?

With what grief, do we remember, that the immortal "bard of Avon," has warbled his last native wood-note, wild. How saddening the reflection, that, from the last ascent to heaven of Milton's vast imagination, his spirit returned not! How the pulses of our better nature were stilled, when men spoke of the last hours of William Wordsworth? And, how a nation, hung in tears, upon the last words of him, who died so lately among us, "full of honours and of years," the hero of so many battles, the people's President!

And, deeper still, the grief, when these two words are spoken of one long known, and well loved. The very rod, which in the Prophet's hand, brought water, "at a blow," from the rock in that wild waste; in death's grim hand, they melt our hearts to tears.

One well beloved dies! And, through the still, and darkened house, the bereaved whisper of the dear departed; and at each recollection, fresh tears fall: for, in that solemn talk, how often strike upon the ear, those short sad words, "the last!" His last wrapt thought of heaven. The last word spoken by his whispering lips. The room, in which, his last short breath was breathed. The last, lingering look, ere the cold coffin-lid shut, from their sight, forever, his earthly lineaments. The last of life's three short processions: the baby, to the font; the bride, to the altar; and the body, to the tomb. The last agonizing look, into the grave, in which our hearts were buried. Who has forgotten these?

Or, if the news come, borne by the lightning flash, or told by the black seal ere the letter was opened, that one who left us but a few days ago, will return no more; how is his last smile daguerreotyped, by affection's sun, upon our hearts! How is his last warm kiss, that gave his heart out to us, through those lips, now closed and silent in death, brought back, and stored, in memory's choicest spot! How is the last tear-drop, that stood in his eye, now glazed within the tomb, remembered and enshrined. What spell so strong, as that which circles, with a sacred halo, the last letters which his stiffened hand ere wrote? How fondly and how faithfully we cling to the last token, that is left of him. The last lock of raven hair cut from his clustering brow; and laid away, to put, some time, beside its fellows, all grown grey. The sweet, and speaking flower, "Forget-me-not;" the last he gave us, with his farewell grasp. The circling gold, his last love-token, which he placed about the blessed finger of the hand; his own, in promise: to hold, within its small and sacred limits, both their hearts. The vacant chair, where last he sat, beside the hearth of home. The tearful smile, the hurried turning away, the quick uncertain walk, the waving of the hand with unturned face, the disappearing ship, that bore him from us, watched with dim eyes, till hull, and sails, and masts were gone, come over us, with a magician's power; now, that we know they were "the last."

Or, if the spirit of a dear one goes from earth, when the sun of life is well nigh the horizon, where it must sink to sleep, we cherish no less faithfully his last grey hair. His last blessing never loses its sacredness. And, lingeringly do we loiter round his last long home, so holy in its recollections. While he was yet with us, all his words were dear; and they are sacred now, for they are "the last!"

The Last! They are the key-note of most of Nature's songs. They speak to us, in the voices of the falling leaves. In the funeral gusts of fitful Autumn, their tone is heard. And, the brightness of the moon, the solemnity of midnight, and the beauty of the stars, are eloquent, in their language. The Last! Like, the cold drops of death-damp, falling from the chill vaulted top of some old crypt, upon the mouldering dead, below, with hollow, pattering, plash, they fall upon the heart. The Last! Like the tolling, of a funeral bell, that lays a dear one, in his bed of earth, they strike upon the ear. The Last! They are, the "open sesame," to memory's most secluded cave. The Last! They come upon us, with such a sound, as the chill earth falling on the coffin-lid, when, "ashes" return "to ashes, dust to dust."

And, like all these, we dream not of them, till their echo fills, our eyes with tears. We part, from friends, in health and strength to-day; and think not of that parting, as the last, until to-morrow brings the tidings of their death. While we think of them, a ship sinks, a horse is restive, or a cannon bursts; and we have seen them, for the last time!

"O, father, wheresoe'er thou be,
That pledgest now thy gallant son,
A shot, e'er half that draught was done
Hath stilled the heart, that beat from thee."

"O, mother praying, God will save,
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shot hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

Nor only so. Even when length of days seems surest, life's sands are almost run. The smile is surest token of the sigh. The marriage chime, the sure forerunner of the funeral knell. In the last

meeting, with our friends, though, we thought it not, was the last parting.

Such is life! Our hearts are brightest,
When our joys are fleeting fast:
So, the sunset sky's the brightest;
The swan's sweetest song, his last.

And, when our last look is taken, of the things of earth, it may be joyous, if we have

"So lived, that sinking in our last long sleep,
We then may smile, when all around us weep;"

so, that the last of earth, shall be the first of heaven. Yet, even thus, with heaven's joys, within our ken, that parting, ne'er to meet again on earth, can but be sad; for it is "The Last."

My friends! You will have pardoned me, if, with the waywardness of grief, I have dwelt too long, upon so sad a theme. The echoes of my voice, in this hall, are sounding, for the last time, in your ears. For the last time, do I stand before you, in the gown, which, three years ago, in the presence of many of you, was put upon my shoulders, by the faithful hands of a long-ried, and well-loved friend. For the last time, as a brother, of those about me, it is my painful duty, in the name of my classmates, to speak their last Farewell, to you. Is it strange, that I should linger, at this least painful part of the duty, which is allotted me to do, to tear away, the last tie, that binds us to our loved ones, of so many years. But, to delay longer, were to leave my duty unfulfilled. Only before I turn from you, let me ask, as our last request, that you regard us ever as your friends. And if, in after days, we never meet again, we may remember, that we parted, with unbroken friendship, at that meeting, which time, shall then have proved to be "the last!"

To you, gentlemen of the TRUSTEES, under whose kindly auspices, for four years, we have wandered, in classic shades, and drunk the purest waters of the mind, it has been appointed to me, to speak our last Farewell. We, have long looked up to you, as our own friends, and the fathers of our College. And we cannot leave you now, to be no more the recipients of your benefits, without an assurance, that it shall ever be our aim, second only, to the desire to be

faithful children, to our "Alma Mater," to follow the example to your lives, to be as true to our country, as firm in our duty, and as faithful to our trusts, as you have ever been : and always to lend our utmost efforts to support this College, as whose first sons, we are to go forth, into the world, to-day.

To our kind friends of the FACULTY, there are many words, of thanks, many assurances of grateful recollection, to be coupled, with this "last Farewell." For their patient sufferance of our wilfulness; for their faithful teaching of our ignorance; for the pleasures of science, and the beauties of ancient, and modern literature, whose enjoyment, we owe to them : for their examples, of the fruits of patient and persevering study in themselves; they have merited, and and received from us, an ever fresh home, in the choicest, and brightest spots of memory. And, though this, may be the last time, that we shall see them, face to face; among the brightest recollections of our College days, will be, the happy hours, which, their faithfulness and skill, have given us here, and, have ensured for us, in after life.

My FATHER, more than doubly so, to-day, it was a question with me, for a time, how I should speak to you, in the name of those, who, with me, glory in the title of your sons. Whether as the projector, and the builder, of this, our second home; or, as the able and beloved mingler of the teaching of all the rest, into the beauties of our own language, and the pursuits of our own lives. But, I have chosen from them all, the name, by which you are the nearest and the dearest, to our heart of hearts, "Our Father!" The first sorrow, which you ever caused us, is felt now, in bidding you, this last Farewell; and in the thought, that, in one sense, to-day must be the last of our son-ship. To me, God willing, it will be granted, to stand unto the death, by your dear side; to stay, and cheer your age, as you have given, and sustained, my youth. But, this dear duty may not be to all, who, with me, leave your care as sons, in one sense, to-day. To call to mind the pleasures, which have come to us, from you, would be but to increase the sorrow of the recollection, that they are at an end. But, as the tree cast by the prophet into the stream, sweetened the waters of Marah; the knowledge, that your paternal blessing rests upon our head, will soothe the bitterness

of this day's grief. Never, to be unworthy of your love, of your teachings, of your example, or of your name, shall be an object to our future lives.

My FELLOW STUDENTS, from whose side, we are to fall away to-day, we feel, that we have made you friends of all our lives. Yet, with this comforting reflection, our eyes look on your well-known faces, through a haze of tears; and our hands tremble, in your friendly grasp. There are sacred ties rent, to-day, which, have been daily strengthening, for three long years. And we break them "heavily, as when one mourneth for a mother." The silent hours of study; the happy times for sport; the warm debate; the winding walk to Church; our festive days; our common prayers; our common songs of praise; our rearing by one strong right hand; our teaching, by the same faithful tongues; all these, though we have enjoyed them, for the last time, will be the spices that will embalm your memories in our hearts. And, though we leave them, and you here, and now, often in twilight's meditative hour, or in the moonlight watch of contemplation, we shall live them over, and hold sweet converse with you, as friends. And, when we meet among the mad-men of the world, and in the dusty paths of life; the ties that have held us together here, will be rejoined, and with a helping hand, and sympathising heart, the blessed bond of brethren be renewed.

And now, the last and saddest duty of them all, to you, my brother, and to you, only not my brother, the word which in your names, I have addressed, to those whom we have loved so long, must be spoken with a heavy heart. Even the narrow circle, which contained but three, could not resist the iron hand of separation. Even in the home of our three hearts, by long acquaintance and the same pursuits, made almost one, this mournful echo sounds "The Last!" The last of daily intercourse; the last of wandering through the same bright paths, and gathering flowers from the same dense woods; the last of sharing all each other's thoughts and cares. The day, for which we have all longed and striven, is here. And what does it bring us. Like, all the restless wishes of the human heart, it blasts where we thought, it would bless. One bark, well-freighted with the three, has borne us so far down the tide of time.

How much the safer, when three hands, were at the helm. How much the surer, when three arms could trim the sail. And now, though we must each, in his own boat be cast, upon the broad ocean, shall we not cheer each other on, with kindly messages of love; and, keeping in sight, assure each other, that, though our courses are different, we are sailing upon the same sea, steering for the same port, trusting in the same God? So, of the chain, that binds us, "not a tie will break, not a link will start;" so, the circle of our love, though stretched, can not be severed; and so, united in life, in death we shall not be divided!

There must be partings spoken,
Of which each may be the last;
When the cherished bonds are broken,
Which have bound us to the past.

But, my brothers, close connexions
We have twined about us here;
Which the brightest recollections
Will but strengthen, year by year.

The First Baccalaureate Address:

BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND, THE PRESIDENT.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

To-day, our newly-founded College takes the water-level. For four years, it has been, slowly, rising, toward the surface. You can see it, now, and feel it, and stand on it; and be certain, that it has foundations. If they be not laid upon the Rock of Ages; if Jesus Christ be not its chief corner-stone; if it be not a bulwark of the Church; if it be not a stronghold, for the rights, and liberties of men; then, no matter what it may have cost; no matter whose blood may have been mingled with the mortar: may it perish, and the very place of it be lost!

I. *This is a religious College.* It owes its being to the clear, and strong, conviction, that Education is a divine thing. It is from God. It is of God. It is for God. Whence can the authority, to educate a human soul proceed, if not from God? How can the means, to educate a human soul be obtained, if not of God? What can be the motive, to educate a human soul, if not for God? Is not the soul of man the in-breathing of the God-head? Can less than God discern it? Can less than God control it? Can less than God provide for it? As the water is, forever, struggling, towards its source, must not the healthful tendency of the human soul be, ever, upward, toward its God? Must not the play of all its pulses be, in sympathy with Him. And, can it rest, until it mingles with its source?

II. *This is a Christian College.* It has to deal with an immortal nature, fallen. It contemplates its redemption, first. Then, its renewal, in the divine image. Then, its re-union with God. Its stand-point is the Cross. The channel of its influences is the Church. Its agent is the Holy Spirit. Its rule is God's most holy word. Its fountains, for the spiritual life, are the holy sacraments. Its atmosphere is holy prayer.

III. *This College aims to be a bulwark of the Church.* It knows no other way to Jesus Christ. It knows that there is no salvation, but in Him. It proposes no controversy. It engages in no rivalry. It

is a **CHURCH COLLEGE**. It teaches the faith of the Church. It submits to the ministry of the Church. It is ordered by the discipline of the Church. It rejoices in the worship of the Church. It asks no questions, of the children, that are brought to it. It, simply, takes them; and teaches them, as it has, itself, been taught, the truth, as it is in Jesus: and, devoutly, seeks to fit them for the Church, in heaven, by the divine nurture, and holy admonition, of the Church, on earth.

IV. *This College is to be a stronghold, for the rights, and liberties, of man.* It is a nursery, for young Americans. It stands upon the Magna Charta of the Constitution. It, annually, commemorates, as its two secular festivals, the birth-day of the National Independence, and the birth-day of the Father of his country. In the true spirit of the one, and the beautiful example of the other, it finds, at once, the principles and pattern of the true freeman. The rights of man, which it maintains, are those which appertain to him, as the redeemed of God. The liberty, which it inculcates, is the liberty, which dwells with duty.

For the attainment of the ends proposed, in the foundation of this College, its reliance, under God, is upon thorough scholarship, strict discipline, and daily devotion.

i. *In scholarship, its claims are broad and high.* It sweeps the circle of sound learning. It admits of no alternatives, and of no option. It sets a standard up, and holds to it. It does not venture to array itself against the experience of generations and of centuries. It holds to thorough training, in the ancient languages, in the exact sciences, in the several departments of physical research, and in the realm of intellectual investigation. At the same time, it meets the case of men, as they now are, by opening the doors of all the living languages, which commerce, or which literature, commends, for practical acquirement; and brings all talents and attainments within the reach of daily use, by their continual adaptation to the practices of popular assemblies, and to the exigencies of common life. It requires, in all its elementary provisions, the strict exactness of the most efficient drill; and, in its higher ranges, gives the widest scope for all the fulness, and for all the freedom, which the utmost reach of fancy can attempt. To combine the thoroughly scholastic, with the entirely practical, is, in a single word, its clear and constant aim.

ii. *It shrinks not from the full avowal of the ancient discipline.* It has no favour for the modern theories of self-government, in children. It has as little for the hazardous experiment of admitting infancy and inexperience, to what is called, "a knowledge of the world." It counts on seclusion, and serenity, as the appropriate atmosphere, for childhood and for youth. It holds to the primitive practice, in the moral training of the young. With these convictions, it isolates its pupils, from the world. It closes to them the avenues of temptation, and the opportunities for extravagance. And, it relies on years, and study, and a wholesome atmosphere, and holy influences, and virtuous examples, to establish, in them, the habit of sobriety, and self-control; and, with the principles of grace, to arm and to accomplish them, as soldiers of the Cross, to endure the hardness of the warfare of the world.

iii. *And, chiefly, it relies, for the attainment of its ends, upon continual prayer, and the blessing pledged to worship.* All human means are ineffectual. The seed, however freely sown; the soil, however tilled and cultivated, yield nothing, if the sun withhold his shining, and the rains refuse to fall. The grace of God, assured to prayer, and promised in the sacraments, alone, can reach the heart; and soften it, in penitence, or lift it up, in piety. In vain, Paul plants. In vain, Apollos waters. It is God, alone, that can bestow the increase.

It will be seen, at once, that, to carry out the plans, and to attain the ends, proposed, there must be human elements and influences, proportioned to the enterprise. The College needs pecuniary aid; it requires efficient men; it relies upon the confidence of parents.

1. To furnish grounds, adapted to our purposes, in beauty, as in magnitude; to supply buildings, for use, for taste, and for devotion; to provide the teachers, and the instruments, for thorough, high, extensive, teaching, must, of course, be far beyond the reach of ordinary academic income. *Endowments are demanded, to do justice to the case.* Provision should be made, for an increased, and still increasing, patronage. Foundations, broad and deep, should now be laid, to be built up, by grateful generations, in the years to come; and be an honour to the State, and blessing to the land. Four years have never done so much, for any College. It is for those, whom God has made trustees, for Him, of His unbounded treasures, to determine, if

the points, thus reached, shall be secured ; and the toil, and self-denial, and self-sacrifice, encountered, in their attainment, be made the sources of perennial blessings.

2. *A work, like this, so large, so constant, and so comprehensive, requires strong-handed and warm-hearted men.* It cannot be task-work. It must enlist the soul. No salary can pay the watching, and the labour, which are thus required. The loving heart makes its own over-payment. While the Great Teacher was on earth, He had no place where to lay His head. And the Apostles went, upon their errand, of instruction, and salvation, without a scrip, or shoes. Men, of the mould of the Apostles ; men, that follow them, as they did Christ, are needed for our work. Such men are hard to find. We have to thank God, for some such ; and to pray to Him, for more.

3. *The perfect confidence of parents is of indispensable necessity to such a College.* To be what it proposes, it must come into their place. They must confide in it. They must sustain it. They must co-operate with it. Failing in this, they waste their own responsibility, while they defeat and deaden ours. We undertake no half-devotion ; and we are contented with no half-reliance. We ask the unreserve of confidence, as but the just equivalent for unreserve of effort.

For four years, we have pursued, with constancy, and carefulness, the path of earnest duty. God's favour has been with us. And, to-day, He crowns us with His blessing. Shall I be pardoned, if, merging, for a moment, the President, in the man, I express the feelings, which now burst my heart, in David's touching words : "He that now goeth on his way, weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall, doubtless, come again, with joy, and bring his sheaves with him." To the gracious God, by Whom the tears, that fell, in secret, were all noted, be the glory of these golden sheaves !

Beloved children, whom we bring, to-day, with melting heart, for God to own and bless, you are the first fruits, as we trust, of annual harvests, which shall wave and ripen here, till seed-time shall return to earth, no more. Fondly, and fervently, do we commend you to the gracious favour of the God, from Whom all goodness comes. Passing, to-day, the line which terminates your pupilage, may you

be filled, with all the graces, and enriched, with all the gifts, of perfect men in Jesus Christ. May you go out, into the world, strong in His strength, to conquer in His Cross ; and, faithful through your lives, and joyful in your death, may you be crowned, for conquests, not your own, through the unbounded and immortal riches of redeeming love ! God of the spirits of all flesh, by whom Thy servant has been honored to suffer, for Thy name, accept the cheerful sacrifice ; and, for the dear sake of Thy beloved, suffering, Son, return it, in the gracious dew of countless and eternal blessings, upon these dear children ; upon all who shall succeed them here ; upon this Christian College ; and upon Thy Holy Church, the Spouse and purchase of His perfect and perpetual love : and, unto Thee, with Him, and the divine and Holy Spirit, shall be given, through everlasting ages, the honour, and the glory, and the praise.

